The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXIV. BOSTON, DECEMBER 19, 1874. NO. 34.

For the Myrtle.

Busy Feet.

[Spoken by Ina Vesta Gardner, of the Infant Class, at the October concert of St. Paul church, Springfield, Mass. Written for the occasion by her aunt, Mrs. V. N. Johnson.]

DEAR little "Busy Feet," soft on the lea
Dimpling the flowers and wakening the bee;
Joyfully weaving in morn's rosy beam,
The beautiful threads of a golden dream,
Where dew-spangles, hanging from tree-top so high,
Were poor little stars, tumbled down from the sky;
For fancy was reigning, that witch of a queen,
In whose light she had painted each glorious scene.

"Hush, little Robin! Don't sing quite so loud,
For God is just painting a scene on the cloud;
He's put on the crimson and gold, and I guess,
You've made such a noise he's forgotten the rest.
I know your sweet hat is a "love of a red,"
But don't be so proud and keep bobbing your head;
If you could but see that gay butterfly's vest,
You would just leave, I know, for your little brown nest.

And poor little Bobolink, hopping along,
Has tried many times to go on with his song;
Yet he keeps waiting for you to get through—
Sure, God loves Bobolink better than you.
There! All that sweet picture was spoiled I've no doubt,
It *must* have been spoiled, for God's rubbed it all out;
But he scattered the drops of his gold all around,
For bright little buttercups sprinkle the ground."

Thus dear little "Busy Feet" dreams to-day,
She knows no to-morrow to dim the way,
Sipping the foam from the darkling wave,
Grasping the flower from the hidden grave;
There's many a rift in the dark earthly strife,
Where sunlight is stealing from fountains of life;
Then let us trust on though the dark breakers roar,
Bright wavelets are kissing the beautiful shore.

Repentance.

IF Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

For the Myrtle.

About a Queen.

EVERYBODY knows that the good queen of England, Victoria, is in the habit of spending a portion of every year in her castle of Balmoral, among the Highlands of Scotland. She is very fond of this place of residence for it is very beautiful, and there she can cast off the cares of State and the vexations of her royal life in England, and live quietly and simply as any humble, unknown lady in all her dominions. I remember being told by a friend just returned from travelling in Scotland, that he had taken advantage of the queen's presence at her castle to learn a little about her habits and manner of life there, and all he heard pleased him very much. It was so like the country life of a good healthy, domestic family. He also, much to his satisfaction, saw a little which confirmed this report.

Walking in the woods near the castle one day, who should he unexpectedly come upon but the queen herself, with her children, Prince Albert, and several ladies, all out enjoying themselves, running hither and thither among the green trees and moss-covered rocks like any common folks. They were all dressed in the simplest fashion, with short, Scotch plaid dresses, strong, rather coarse boots, and large shade hats, and their voices rang out among the woods just as merrily as if they had not been royal personages.

It is a very pleasant thing to know that people

in the high position of the queen of England can enjoy the simple pleasures of the country as well as those of low estate, and I have no doubt that the seasons spent at Balmoral have been among the happiest of Queen Victoria's life. She has alwas been fond of going about among the cottages on her estate, and having kind and friendly chats with them concerning their affairs, and very often she leaves with them more substantial tokens of her good-will than mere words. When she first visited the Highlands in 1842, she was received with something of the noisy demonstrations of enthusiasm which are so common in this country on the advent of any great personage from abroad; but now the people are so used to seeing her that they receive her with merely the quiet respectful greetings which they would bestow upon any one whom they loved and reverenced. And well may the good people of the Highlands love and reverence their queen. If they are sick or in affliction she is the first to go and sympathize with them, sitting down by their humble firesides with a kind familiarity that quite wins their hearts.

A great many pleasant anecdotes are told concerning her intercourse with her Highland subjects who live on her estate, some of them quite amusing.

One day the queen was sitting by the fireside of a "cottar wife," having, no doubt, as nice a little gossip as possible, and, queen, though she was, learning something from the "gudewife." The broth-pot was simmering on the fire, and liking the smell of its contents she was curious to know about it.

"It smells very nice," said the queen, "what is it?"

"Is it the brouse that ye'r leddyship spre's about?" said the gudewife.

"Yes, what is it made of?"

"There's beef intilt,"* answered the guidewife, well pleased at the queen's interest in her dinner, "there's beef intilt, and there' carrots intilt, and there's neeps intilt, and there's barley intilt."

"But what's *intilt?*" said her majesty.

"Just as I'm telling your majesty, — there's carrots intilt, and there's neeps intilt, and"—

"Yes, I know all that very well," again interjected the queen; "but what's *intilt?* I don't know what that is."

"Just precisely as I'm telling your majesty. There's beef intilt, and there's barley intilt, and there's neeps intilt, and there's carrots intilt, and there's greens intilt," again explained the gudewife, quite troubled at the extraordinary stupidity of her royal visitor.

The queen, despairing of learning the meaning of the important word, and amused at the perplexed expression of the poor woman's countenance, soon bade her good-bye, and went home to the castle to find out what "intilt" meant. And in my opinion she never forgot it.

I often wonder if the queen is as happy at Balmoral now that all her children are grown to be men and women, and most of them married, and occupying high positions,—as she was when they were all noisy children, playing among the Highlands, and she could see them all safe in bed at night, as I have no doubt she did. For, after all, queens are made of very much the same stuff as we poor ordinary mortals. Do you not think so? *C. M. S.*

* Into it.

For the Myrtle.

Honor thy Father and Mother.

A sailor once told me that on one of his voyages, as they were sailing along over a smooth sea, and under a bright, cloudless sky, all of a sudden the captain called up the men, and made them take in a part of the sail.

The sailors obeyed, but as they did so they looked and winked at each other, as much as to say, "the captain is either drunk or crazy!" When this was done, he ordered them to take in more sail. And so he went on until they had but one sail flying. And still there was only a small black cloud in the sky, and no sign of wind. But the captain knew what he was about. He had been watching the barometer, and was very sure that safety demanded what he had done. And, sure enough, the last sail was hardly in when what is called a "White Squall" struck the vessel, which, had the sails then been spread, would in all probability have capsized her, and perhaps all their lives would have been lost. Now, God is the helmsman of the universe. He is steering all things along according to the counsel of his own will. He knows best just what commands to give, and he never gives one which is not wise and good; and disobedience to any commands of his is always dangerous to the one who disobeys, and is always an evil to others

also. Children, it is this God who has said "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Further, God will bless those children who obey his command. The very command has a promise in it. "That thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." That is, you may live many years and grow to be very holy, and do much good, and perhaps suffer a good deal too; and then, when you go to heaven, you will have, oh, how bright a crown!

I read of a little girl once who found out how God could bless those who honor their parents. She was dipping water from the spring by the road-side, when a traveller rode up and asked her for a drink. "Yes, sir," she said, "but I must not stay long, for mother will need me." He looked at her a moment and saw that she was barefooted, and very poor, and then asked her, "Where do you live?"

"Down in that house."

"What! in that wretched hovel?"

"Yes, sir; and mother is very sick, and I cannot leave her long at a time."

Now, the man talking to her was a king. He had been reviewing a part of his army, and was now riding home, unattended, dressed simply as a traveller. But the little girl did not know who he was. He got off his horse, and led him by the bridle, as he walked with that little girl towards her humble home. When he entered the door he saw every sign of the deepest poverty. Going up to the sick woman, he said, kindly,—

"You must be very miserable, good woman."

"Yes, sir," she answered, "I should be, indeed, were it not that my child there is so kind and faithful."

Turning then to the little girl, he said, "If you will go with me I will make you very rich and happy."

"I would not go and leave my mother," she replied, "if you would make me a queen."

The king now took out a purse of gold, and handed it to the girl. She looked at her mother, as if asking, "Shall I take it?" But he said, "My child, don't be afraid to take it! You don't know who I am—I am the king."

This, of course, filled them with great astonishment, and the poor, sick woman tried to get from her bed to show her gratitude. But the king would not let her. He left the purse of gold, and when he reached his palace he ordered a sum of money to be given every year to the mother, and a like sum to the daughter.

There was a man who was very wealthy, but whose riches were all wasted by a profligate son. By-and-by his wife died, and not long after this he became blind, and could do nothing for his own support, and as his wicked son would do nothing for him, he was sent to the poor-house. One day while he was lying there his son rode through the town, and the people told him of his father, and how poor he was, and that he was blind and sick; and—would you believe it?—that son never turned aside one inch to visit his poor, blind, dying father. But mark! He left the town, and rode on. It began to rain. He reached another town very wet. Stopping at the hotel, they put up his horse, and he went to bed; and that night he was taken ill. The people took care of him for some time. They sold his horse, and, by-and-by, the money obtained for it was all gone. They could not keep him, a stranger, long without pay. So they took him to the poor-house, where his blind father had been so long. On their arrival, they found that his father had died, and that very day had been laid in the grave. The son was taken into the same room where the father had died, and before many days he died also, and followed his injured parent to the grave.

Children if your father or mother are in want when you grow up, will you be as wicked as this undutiful son? *R. C. W.*

The Gospel Call.

Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring
Where living waters flow;
Free to that sacred fountain all,
Without a price, may go.

How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance waste
On trifles light as air?

My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give;
Incline your ear, and come to me—
The soul that hears shall live.

Seek ye the Lord because his ear
Is open to your call—
With offered mercy ever near,
Before his footstool fall.

THE smallest dew-drop on the meadow at night has a star sleeping in its bosom, and the most insignificant passage of Scripture has in it a shining truth.

My Little Brother.

I HAVE a little brother; he's only two years old;
To us who dearly love him, he's wor.h his weight in gold.
We often play together, and I begin to find,
To make my brother happy I must be ever kind.

I must be very gentle when we run round to play,
Nor ever take his playthings nor little toys away;
Nor must I ever tease him, nor ever angry be,
But always love my brother, that God has given me.

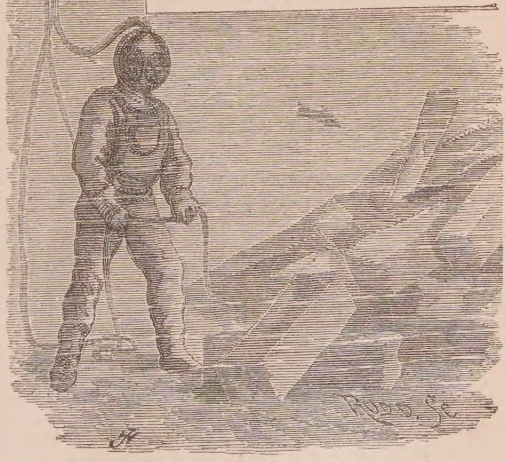
How a Diver Works.

DIVERS, of all seamen, have the strangest experiences. They go down beneath the sea, separated only by a thread from death. Watch this man as he dons his submarine armor, and prepares to deseend in-into the water. Over a suit of thick flannels he puts a pair of trowsers and a jacket made from India-rubber cloth. These fit close to the ankles, wrists, and across the chest. Next he thrusts his head through a copper breast-plate provided with grooves, into which the body of the jacket is fitted and screwed down by an attendant. The head is now covered by a helmet, with a glass face, which is also screwed to the breast-plate weighing together about fifty-six pounds. Twenty-eight pounds more are added to this burthen by a pair of shoes with leaden soles, and thus equipped the diver resembles neither man nor fish. A near-sighted naturalist might puzzle over him for hours, without finding out to which species he belongs, so monstrous does he appear. And it is not surprising that the sharks themselves are afraid of the divers, and flee incontinently if one one of their arms be outstretched.

The extreme weight of the diver is fatiguing above water, and he is glad to embark in the surf-boat, which has been launched from the tug to convey him nearer the wreck than she dare approach. A few strokes of the oar bring the surveying party directly over the sunken vessel, and the final preparations for the descent are made. You and I watch them breathlessly, but the diver thinks very little about the danger of what he is to do. One end of a coil of strong rubber tubing is fastened to a mouth-piece at the back of the helmet, and the other end is connected with an air-pump in the boat. A hempen line is also secured to the outside of the helmet, and passes down the diver's right side, within easy reach of his hand. Upon this tubing and line his life will depend. Four blocks of lead, weighing fifty pounds, are now slung over his shoulders; and a water-proof bag containing a hammer, a chisel, and a dirk-knife, is fastened over his breast. A short iron ladder is lowered over the starboard side of the boat, and the diver heavily climbs down each round. His weight causes the boat to dance and rock unsteadily. It is a very exciting moment for a novice, I can tell you! His

comrades watch his movements attentively, and in another moment he is standing on the bottom round of the ladder. Two men stand by the handles of the air-pump at the other end of the boat. All is ready. The diver grasps a rope, to prevent a too rapid descent; he releases the ladder, and the green water swells over and hides him.

Full fathom five he sinks; and as the sea closes about him, the great weight of his armor dwindles away, and his movements are as free as an athlete's. Smoothly he descends, and soon feels his feet touching the hard sand. His foothold is unsteady; for notwithstanding the weights attached to him, he is still too buoyant, and once



or twice he pulls the signal-line for less air. Well he knows that, unless the supply be rightly

adjusted, he will either be suffocated or sent bubbling to the surface feet first.

But his signals are heeded, and as his tread becomes firm, he glances around him out of the little window in his helmet. Shoals of fish crowd inquisitively near, and some daringly rub their noses against his breast; but a wave of his hand drives them off in utmost terror. A few yards away lies the wreck, bedded in the sand, and plainly visible in the green light of the depths. There is as much light, indeed, as we have on shore during ordinary foggy weather. The diver approaches cautiously. His greatest peril is in the tangled rigging and splinters, which might twist or break the air-pipe and signal-line. He does not move a step without first finding out whither it will lead him, and in good time he safely reaches the hull. Thus far he is pleased with the "job;" the water is clear, and his feet do not sink into the sand. Now he begins his search for the damages, and works for four or five hours without interruption, examing the vessel in every part, and humming a lively tune as he moves briskly about. The water is cold, and if he loiters he will be chilled; and, moreover, he understands that industry is the best cure for the loneliness of his position. At last he signals to ascend, and he is brought on board the tug-boat. The master-wreckers crowd about him for information.—*St. Nicholas.*

Titles of Jesus.

FOR FIFTEEN PERSONS.

FIRST—*Bread.* John vi. 35; vi. 51.

O, let my soul be dai y fed,
And fully on this living Bread!

SECOND—*Water.* John viii. 37.

O, let this Fount my soul sustain,
That I may never thirst again!

THIRD—*Door.* John x. 7; x. 9.

O, may I through this open Door,
Go in where's joy for evermore!

FOURTH—*Sun.* Mal. iv. 2.

O, may this Sun of righteousness,
With light my soul forever bless!

FIFTH—*Star.* Num. xxiv. 17; Rev. xxii. 16.

O, may this Morning Star be mine,
And heavenward my soul incline!

SIXTH—*Light.* John viii 12; Matt. iv. 16.

O may this glorious heavenly Light,
Within me shine forever bright!

SEVENTH—*Lamb* John i. 35–36; Rev. xiv. 1.

O loving Lamb, my sacrifice,
Thy precious blood may I e'er prize!

EIGHTH—*Lion.* Rev. v. 5.

O may this Lion King prevail
For me o'er every foe's assail!

NINTH, TENTH, ELEVENTH—*Together.* John xiv, 6.

O thou, the Way, Truth, Life be mine,
My soul and spirit to refine!

NINTH—*Way*, Isa. xxxv. 8.

O let me walk within this Way,
And all its beauteous sweet survey!

TENTH—*Truth.* John v. 33

O may I love this living Truth;
May it make beauteous all my youth!

ELEVENTH—*Life.* Col. iii. 12.

O let this glorious Life in me,
Preserve me to eternity!

TWELFTH—*Vine.* John xv. 1; xv. 5.

O may my heart's affection twine
Around the life-sustaining Vine!

THIRTEENTH—*Branch.* Jer. xxxiii. 15; Zech. vi. 12.

O may I from this Branch receive
My strength, and to it closely cleave!

FOURTEENTH—*Shepherd.* Ezek. xxxiv. 28; John x. 14; 1 Pet. ii. 25.

O loving Shepherd, gently bear
Thy lamb to heavenly fields so fair!

FIFTEENTH—*Head.* Eph. iv. 15; Col. i; 18.

O may the Saviour be my Head,
And I by him in all things led!

FIRST FIVE—*Prophet.* Deut. xviii. 15; Acts iii. 23.

O Jesus, Prophet, sent to save,
Lead us triumphant thro' the grave!

SECOND FIVE—*Priest.* Heb. iii. 1; v. 10.

O Jesus, everlasting Priest,
Bring us to heaven's eternal feast!

THIRD FIVE—*King.* Luke xxiii. 3; xxiii. 38.

O Jesus, King for evermore,
Thee let us reverence and adore!

ALL TOGETHER.

O thou our Prophet, Priest and King,
May we to thee forever cling!
Thou Fountain, Door, Sun, Star and Bread
Thou Lion, Lamb, Vine, Branch and Head,
Thou Shepherd, Way, Truth, Light and Life,
O help us conquer in the strife!

Fresh Laurels.

I HAVE now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor.—*Patrick Henry's Will.*

WHEN the thief cannot break in at the door himself, he finds a child and puts him in through the little window, and then the big door is speedily opened. Thus do little sins open the door for a great sin. *Spurgeon.*

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE.

—Very interesting services were held in our church in Bangor on the first Sunday in November, on the occasion of the withdrawal of Bro. Alpheus Lyon from the Sunday School on account of the infirmities of old age; and a series of resolutions were passed testifying to his faithfulness as a teacher and his interest in the Sunday School and Society.

—A memorial Sunday was observed in our church at Hiram on Oct. 16th, which was interesting and appropriate; a Sunday School concert was given, the leading feature of which was an impressive harvest piece arranged by the pastor's wife, Mrs. I. J. Mead. The Ladies' Circle of the Hiram Society gave an annual supper and concert on the evening of Oct. 30th, and gained the sum of $54 to add to the funds of the Treasury.

NEW YORK.

—The Centenary Universalist Chapel, Brooklyn, issues a neat card announcing times of meeting, and adorned with mottoes. On Nov. 6th the Sunday School was five years old, and on Sunday, Nov. 8th, it celebrated an anniversary with especial fervor. Addresses were made by Revs. Gunnison, Nye and Wilson. Singing by the School. A neat and beautiful Certificate of Membership was given to each scholar connected with the School.

—All Soul's Church, Brooklyn, sends out a tasteful four-paged directory, setting forth the work proposed, and inviting the public to join if they think it well. Lectures on European travel are announced for the month of December. The regular Calendar includes morning and evening service, Sunday School in the afternoon, Bible Class and Teachers' Meeting every Friday evening, Church Meeting the last Thursday evening in every month, and Mite Society on the first Monday evening in every month.

—At a recent teachers' meeting in New York, Mr. Davis, Superintendent of Harlem Sunday School, gave an exposition of Object Teaching, using paper and colored crayons. The *Leader* says: "Could every school have an artist like Bro. Davis, with a quiet, sunshiny voice, instead of the frightened, piping tenor often the property of the Superintendent, nothing would give such an impetus to the School as the Object Lesson. A panorama for children wants a sociable lecturer. This it has in Mr. Davis. Our schools which have not introduced Object Teaching should at once direct their attention to this incomparable method of interesting and instructing."

—Our church in Huntington is flourishing under the ministrations of Rev. Mr. Booth. Harmony prevails, the congregations are increasing, and there are four new candidates for church membership. A course of lectures designed especially for young people have begun. The Sunday School also is doing well. Eight new scholars have been added, and the library has been enlarged by forty-seven volumes.

NEW JERSEY.

—A friend writes the *Leader* from Jersey City: "Our church on the Heights kept Memorial Sunday on Oct. 18th, and the decorations of autumnal leaves, arranged by willing hands, were very beautiful. An arch of gorgeous maple, sumach and oak leaves was reared above the pulpit-chair, a cross decked with leaves stood on the Communion Table, festoons were hung from the pulpit, the urns were filled with huge bouquets, a wreath hung above the pastor's head, and a wreath surrounded the clock, all glowing with the beauty of the ripened leaf. Rev. Mrs. Hanaford preached from the text, "We all do fade as a leaf." In the evening she preached concerning the Rich Man and Lazarus, when the church was so crowded that extra seats were brought from the vestry. Our cause in this city seems greatly prospering. Two adults united with the church at the October communion season."

The Potter Meeting House.

All the children as well as the older people know about the Potter meeting-house in New Jersey.—the first church in America where Universalism was preached. It was built by Mr. Thomas Potter, who invited John Murray to preach in it on his first landing in this country. Mr. Potter's grave is near the church, and in the same lot. At this place, hallowed both by the church and the grave, the Universalists have for many years held a memorial meeting every year. But the church is now owned by another denomination, the Methodists, and they are not willing to have this Universalist meeting held once a year in the church. It was refused this year, and the meeting was held in a grove.

This has made many good people of our church feel that we ought to buy this old meeting-house, and hold it forever as a Universalist church in honor of the memory of John Murray and Thomas Potter.

This good work was begun at a prayer meeting in the Jersey City parish where Rev. Mrs. Hanaford is pastor. Mrs. Soule, editor of the *Guiding Star*, started the good work, and others immediately added to the fund until it reached over thirty dollars then and there. Mrs. Soule as President of the Woman's Centenary Association appointed Mr. Holden as treasurer of this "Potter Fund," and Mrs. Hanaford as agent in New Jersey.

And now comes what we wish to speak of particularly in the Myrtle. And we will put it in the words of Miss Ellen E. Miles, who was one of the first to contribute, and who is eager to see the Potter meeting-house bought. She writes: "It is to be hoped that large contributions will be raised in every Universalist church and society in the country for the Potter fund. Let the little children in our Sunday Schools work for it, and in so doing it will serve to impress more fully upon their tender minds to whom they are indebted for the great truths which send sunshine into their hearts and gladness into their lives.

Contributions can be sent to Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, No. 5 Westcott Place, Jersey City, N. J., or to the Treasurer. Mr. D. L. Holden, Box 726, New York.

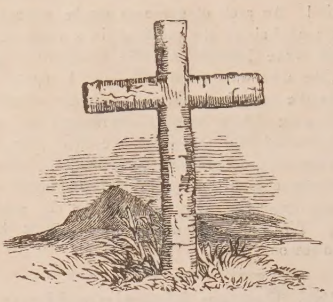
Can we not inspire a desire on the part of children, at least in our Sunday Schools, to contribute their mite to this grand object? It is estimated that there are 54,532 members in our Sunday Schools. Now think of it for a moment! If each member should save a penny a week, in a year's time the contribution from that source alone would amount to $28,356.94. And if our children could raise that amount, what might the parents do? A speedy answer is desired."

Mr. or Mrs. or Miss Myrtle,—Whichever you may be, please come in and see our Infant Class in Springfield, Mass. I will introduce you to two of the nicest teachers you ever saw—Mrs. Nellie Chapin and Miss Hattie Chandler.

There are almost forty little boys and girls in the class, and we have such nice lessons and such a pleasant Sunday School we wish our friends to come and enjoy it with us.

Yours very truly,

* * * *



The Ascension.

MARK xvi. 9—20.

St. Mark concludes very briefly the great story of Christ's life. After the sad death upon the cross, neither he nor the other gospel writers say any thing about the conduct of the stricken disciples. The story of that long Saturday and the two dreary nights when the body of Jesus rested in the ground, has never been told. We only know that Joseph of Arimathea, a rich man and a member of the great Sanhedrim which had condemned Jesus, but who was secretly a believer in him, went boldly to Pilate, after Jesus was dead, and begged his body that he might bury it. Pilate granted his request, and Joseph had it removed from the cross, wrapped it in fine linens and laid it in his own new tomb in a garden. And the women who had watched about the cross followed and saw where the body was laid.

Then the tomb, which was an empty chamber in the rock, was closed, and a great stone rolled before the door; and a guard of soldiers was placed before it, lest the disciples should steal away the body.

Thus the disciples were left alone with their crushing grief and disappointment. This, then, was the end of all their great hopes, their splendid expectations. They did not dream of any resurrection of their Master from the dead. Their Messiah, the "hope of Israel," who was to rebuild the glory of his nation and reign on the throne of David, had died like the meanest criminal; their cause was defeated, and all was over. But that great despair the disciples who wrote the gospels did not tell to the world.

On Saturday they kept their Jewish Sabbath as was the custom; but on Sunday morning as soon as light, the women came to the tomb bringing sweet spices to embalm the body. They were questioning who should roll away the heavy stone from the door, when they saw that it was already rolled away, and the tomb was open. They entered, and lo a "young man" all arrayed in white appeared sitting before them as if *he* were keeping watch instead of the soldiers. And the angel spoke to them and said, "Be not affrighted, ye seek Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified; he is risen: he is not here." And then he said, "Go and tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee; there you shall see him, as he said unto you."

It was not strange that angels should appear at the death of Jesus as they had appeared at his birth. But it was so unexpected and strange to these sorrowing women that they ran from the tomb trembling and afraid.

As they crossed the garden, Jesus himself appeared to Mary of Magdala and called her by name, and she trembling with surprise and gladness fell down before him and called him Master, as of old.

Then Mary went and told the great news to the disciples "*as they mourned and wept.*" That is all the hint there is about the great grief of the disciples at the death of Jesus, but it is enough. And we cannot wonder that when they were roused from their mourning by the strange story of Mary, they could not at first believe it.

We learn in the other gospels more about the many appearances of Jesus to his disciples. Mark only tells us that he appeared to two of the disciples as they walked into the country, and they told it to the others who still did not believe. And then how he appeared unto all the eleven, and rebuked them for their unbelief. But in the other gospels we are told of as many as ten times when he appeared to his disciples in his spiritual form, during the forty days before he was received up into heaven.

The resurrection of Christ is a mystery. It was necessary that his material body should be raised, in order that his disciples might see and know that it was indeed he. But this body seems to have been changed from its earthly to its heavenly form, as it was on the mount of transfiguration. This spiritual body could appear and disappear, and could be received up into heaven. Such will be our spiritual body when we, too, "put on the image of the heavenly," but it will not be necessary for our material bodies to be raised from the grave. The spiritual body will be set free from the earthly when we die.

It was when Jesus appeared unto all the eleven as they sat at meat—when as John tells us, "the doors being shut he appeared in their midst, and said, 'Peace be with you'"—that he gave them his last great command as his disciples, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." And then he gave the promise, and the condemnation, "He that believeth (this gospel) and is baptized (with its spirit) shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned."

What is this gospel? It is that God is our Father, and that all mankind are brothers and sisters in his great family; that God loves us all and takes care of us in this world, and that when we die he will take us to a better world to live with himself. To believe this is to be saved from such despair as the disciples had when Jesus died; to be saved from sinning and going far away from God, but to be kept near him in heart and life. To believe it not is to be left under the curse of sin, and sorrow, and despair. Forever, as at first, Jesus is "the light of the world," and they on whom that light does not shine are in darkness.

This great light of the glory of Christ's *true* kingdom dawned upon the disciples at last, after he had risen from the dead and appeared unto them in that glory so much greater than the glory of an earthly king. And then they became strong to go forth and preach his gospel, confirming it with his own miracles. And so they began the great Church of Christian believers, which has spread over all the world, and of which we are members to-day.

The resurrection of Christ from the dead is a greater event than his birth. For it reveals the eternal life of the soul which makes it one with God. "If Christ be not risen," says Paul, "then is our preaching vain." But Christ *is* risen, and because he lives we shall live also.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

37 Cornhill, Boston.

CHARLES CAVERLY, Jr. Agent.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

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